

The Plumber

WITH stately stride the plumber comes, and stays around a while and plumbs. He gives the boiler sundry slaps, and tinkers with the pipes and taps and when he leaves my humble place a smile of gladness lights my face. For he has made a modern shack of my abode, which, three weeks back, was such as people used to own along about the age of stone. For years I bought all kinds of pills to cure my relatives of ills. My poor old granny had the heaves, and swallowed tea of boneset leaves, year after year, and still felt punk, with daily spasms in her trunk. My aunt was foundered, and she knew green pains with every breath she drew, and though I bought her pills of dope, the poor old girl was short of hope. My Uncle Hiram's rheumatism just kept him muttering, "Gee whitt!" And everyone around the shack had pink lumbago in the back. And then the Wise man came along, and said, "You'll never be well and strong, you'll always have the greasy gupies, until you put in modern pipes." The plumber came, with lead and brass, and freed the place from sewer gas, and sprung some sanitation curves—and gets the praise that he deserves. Now granny has no fell disease; she's swinging on the high trapeze; my aunt can take a fall from Geth in seven minutes by the watch, my Uncle Hiram, rid of aches, can whip Jack Johnson in three shakes.

—WALT MASON.

The Chance El Paso Has Longed For

NO FALSE PRIDE should influence the city administration to decline or to hold lightly the suggestion from Gen. Pershing that modern sanitary methods might be introduced in Chihuahuita with definite profit to the whole community.

There is no use in trying to blind ourselves to the shameful facts. El Paso has always neglected its plain duty down there. The city has not only neglected the elemental welfare of half of its own population, but it has tolerated conditions in that section that have constituted a terrible menace to all the rest of the city.

These things are not news, nor have they been concealed. The public is and has been fully informed as to the truth about Chihuahuita, and the frightful death rate down there. El Paso has followed a policy with reference to Chihuahuita that in any other climate on earth would have brought certain and terrible retribution in the shape of plague, pestilence, and widespread death and suffering.

Even when the board of health did become active and recommended the rigid enforcement of the housing and building ordinances in Chihuahuita, it received no effectual cooperation from the city government, which under the various administrations has made very little effort at any time to improve living conditions in that section. There has been some slight improvement in housing in recent years, but that has been due more to private initiative than to public compulsion; it has been found that better housing pays. The larger problem has hardly been touched on the outermost fringe.

The new sewer ought to enable every habitable house in the section to be connected with a sewer. Water supply should be extended everywhere and all wells sealed. One of the most important requisites of all is a thorough system of free collection of garbage and waste from Chihuahuita. It would be ridiculous if it were not tragic, the idea of requiring those people to pay 50c a month each to the "sanitary department" or else be condemned to wallow in their own filth and to defile the whole neighborhood.

The first requirements are to see that every bit of garbage and waste is removed, that adequate water and sewerage systems are provided for every part of the inhabited area, that proper closet facilities are provided at public and private expense all over Chihuahuita, that the use of the public streets and alleys and vacant spaces in any manner detrimental to health be made an offense punishable by imprisonment or severe fine, and that there be thorough and frequent inspection and rigid enforcement of reasonable sanitary rules.

After these things, can come the problems of general education along sanitary lines, conservation of infant and child life, and general rebuilding of the Chihuahuita district. But the immediate need is for quick, positive, and persistent action along the lines first indicated.

For a long time The Herald has been urging the actual employment of an army officer having experience in army sanitary work under such conditions as those met in Panama, Cuba, and the Philippines, who should be given a free hand to deal with the Chihuahuita situation, and given funds to handle sufficient to enable him to get immediate and permanently beneficial results. Now the way is open, through Gen. Pershing's generous offer, to obtain the benefits of a general army cleanup in Chihuahuita, and general supervision of sanitation down there, without in any way changing the existing system.

More words of halfway approval will get nowhere. The people of this city feel that this opportunity is one that may not occur again, and they desire to see the army take hold of the Chihuahuita situation with the full cooperation of the city officials in all branches of the city government.

The shameful conditions now existing are something we cannot cover up even if we be so disposed. And it is as easy to solve that problem with a dose of good intentions as it is to cap an active volcano with paraffin.

Costly Experiments

THERE IS a growing apprehension both in this country and in England that the dreadnought type of battleship may be a great waste of money and power, and obsolete before leaving the docks. While dreadnoughts have been increasing in size and destructive power they have become more and more vulnerable as targets; and faster than they have increased, the powers and practicability of the submarines and flying machines have increased.

Destruction faster, surer, and more secret than ever is being manufactured every day. With wireless stations masked in the hills on land directing submarine torpedoes gliding deep out of sight, a big clumsy dreadnought has small chance of discovering her enemy before she is struck, while flying machines above her are equally difficult targets for her great guns. The only thing she can fight fairly and with some show to win is another dreadnought.

A man who thinks he owns his house or garden in fee simple may be very much mistaken. You may buy a farm but the gophers or moles are apt to keep their part of it; flying ants have owned many a room while they wanted it in summer; in some houses the cockroaches own the kitchen and pantry at night, no matter who reigns in the day. A mobile woman found her upper floors rotting, and upon some carpenter work being started the walls and floors began to ooze honey; a dozen swarms of bees had been living between the walls and floors and storing up their pilfered flower sweets for years, the owner entirely unaware of her extra tenants.

There is at least one difference—maybe more—between Mexico and the United States: There are few office seekers wanting Huerta's job. In this country there would be a rush of candidates for the presidency.

A South Carolina judge defended a severe sentence by saying that nature is harsh and severe in her judgment, that she sentences each and all of us to hard labor for life, and that every birth is a death sentence.

The Santa Fe has got into New Orleans. It has wanted to as badly as Russia wants a seaport to the south.

14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald This Date 1900.

W. R. Fall, of Las Cruces, is in the city.

H. J. Church, of El Paso, is now in Chihuahuita.

Mrs. S. N. Gray and children, of El Paso, are now in Gallup, N. M.

This evening at 8 o'clock the McGinty band will render a concert in the plaza.

J. L. Webber has returned from Captain, N. M., where he has been for some time.

Collector Moses Dillon, of this port, has returned from his ranch at Three Rivers, N. M.

James Hubbert will give the High school graduating class a dance to-night at Chopin hall.

J. A. Walker, operator at the G. H. dispatcher's office, has returned to work after a brief layoff.

Last night Prof. Roach entertained the graduating class of the High school

with an ice cream supper. H. W. Peacock and W. E. McCall will leave shortly for Lordsburg, New Mexico, to spend some time hunting and fishing. Miss Frances Sullivan came down this morning from Mesilla Park. She has a position with an El Paso mining supply company as stenographer. This evening there will be a concert at the Presbyterian church and the following will participate in the program: J. D. Milne, M. Steward, Mrs. Gillespie, Mrs. W. D. Howe, Mrs. Welch, M. Parker, P. Hunter, Miss Josephine Clardy, Mrs. W. R. Brown and Miss Lella Trumbull. The committee on excursions and conventions met last evening at the chamber of commerce. Those present were: G. P. Putnam, chairman; T. E. Shelton, Dr. E. H. Irvin, H. D. Slater, P. M. Millspaugh and Mr. Freeman. A committee consisting of chairman G. P. Putnam, H. D. Slater and secretary E. E. Russell was appointed to frame a program for the entertainment of the state teachers' and visitors during the convention in June.

LITTLE INTERVIEWS

"DALLAS bankers certainly did royally entertain the visiting bankers who attended the regional bank organization meeting," said James G. McNary. "They put down their work to see that we all saw Dallas, enjoyed ourselves and were entertained all the time. There was an automobile ride over the city and to the Country Club, a luncheon at the Adolphus hotel, and many informal dinners for the visitors. Then the Dallas bankers showed that they deserved to be the center of the regional bank district by their keen grasp of the new banking law."

"That was good news that Louis C. Hill told us through the Herald yesterday evening," said George L. Ledbetter. "The news that water will be ready for the spring of 1915 is bigger news than the ending of the revolution for El Paso. It means prosperity for us, but I do not think people realize what it means. To have water from the government project to pour into our lands when we need it most is going to be the biggest talking point in the valley, and the Santo Tomas Power company is anticipating the rush by preparing to put its largest tract in the Santo Tomas grant under cultivation and ready for the water at once."

"St. William Wilcox, who is the guest of the reclamation service, is the recognized world's authority on irrigation matters," said George L. Ledbetter. "He has written books that have been printed in a half dozen different languages and the man's lectures are as much sought for as his writings. His visit to El Paso and the Elephant Butte dam at this time is a great compliment to the reclamation service, the city and project, and his advice is sure to be filled with valuable suggestions for our project here in the valley."

"I wonder why more women do not understand our national game of baseball? Women are so adaptable and versatile that I should think a bigger majority of them would know the game," said Paul Atkinson. "I know that many men who might like to take their women relatives or friends to the ball games cannot do this and enjoy the game themselves, because their entire time has to be devoted to explaining to the women why the batter struck out, why he is put out at the bases, and the why of every move. Consequently the men prefer to go by themselves. Baseball is the most fascinating of all our sports and I have never been able to understand why it does not interest the women as much as it does the men."

"The addition of Henry Grady to the City League is a fortunate thing for El Paso baseball," said W. E. O'Brien, president of the City Baseball League. "Manager O'Brien has signed up Grady for the Newspaper team and he will probably occupy third sack. Grady has been making a pretty good record in the Copper League, playing on the Port Raynard team. He ought to be a big addition to the Newspaper team."

"From the time that I left El Paso and returned, that being five days, I saw the sun shine but once," said C. W. Fassett. "That was on the return trip to El Paso, and the point where I saw the welcome sight was 150 miles east of the city. I was on the coast for the first time in five days without seeing the sun. I visited San Antonio and Austin. It rained at Austin every day. The sun never came out. I was glad to get back to El Paso."

"It looks like Ferguson is going to sweep the state," said Mayor E. Kelly. "I was in Austin and the talk there was all of Ferguson. Jim Ferguson is certainly making a splendid race and gaining headway every day. It looks like a clean sweep for him. I visited Fort Worth and there Ferguson was the main topic of the political talk. There was just as much enthusiasm there as in Austin and other places. The Ferguson club here will hold a night meeting every week."

100 Years Ago Today

William Henry Cuyler Hosmer, a poet of considerable reputation in his day, was born 100 years ago today in the town of Avon, N. H. He was educated as a lawyer and became a master of chancery in his native place. In later life he practically abandoned the legal profession to indulge his passion for travel and the writing of poetry. He learned the Indian dialect from his mother, who was an accomplished linguist, and spent several years studying the characteristics and lore of the Indian tribes in Wisconsin and the Everglades of Florida. Hosmer died in 1877. Among his best known poems are "The Fall of Tecumseh," "Legends of the Senecas" and "Indian Traditions and Songs."

The Zebra

BY GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Stewah."

THE zebra is a horse which looks as if it was serving a sentence for bank robbery.

Nature seems to have occupied much of its time in early days designing quaint and interesting animals for Africa. When she came to the zebra she went into art quite extensively and gave him a beautiful coat of stripes, though the zebra has never done anything to deserve them. Those who have seen a herd of zebras wandering idly over the African veldt can hardly believe that they have not been decorated by a sign painter.

The zebra is not as large as the plain horse and is not so angular in design. He lives a wild free life on the African plains and objects so violently to being caught that very few of him are in captivity. Catching a zebra is almost as unprofitable an operation as imprisoning an electric current by grabbing a live wire firmly with both hands. The zebra kicks with four legs and is also an experienced and talented biter. Those who have saddled the zebras and have ridden him have done so merely from bravado. After they have recovered they have usually tried some simpler feat as riding a piano box in a cyclone.

Owing to his earnest objection to be harnessed, the zebra has not been able to make himself useful except by contributing his skin to science and the arts. This has been very convenient to mankind, but has been exceedingly hard on the zebra, as it is necessary to shoot him in order to get him to consent to part with his skin. Vast numbers of zebras have been shot, and there are now hardly enough left to supply the large and growing circus trade.

Abe Martin



Miss Fawn Lippincott has taken out

life insurance on account of her new skirt.

It don't cost so much to hold up your end if you stay in your class.

NUMEROUS PRISONERS ARE HELD IN TOMBSTONE JAIL

Tombstone, Ariz., May 25.—The county jail here just now holds 20 prisoners, and this is unusual, since a 32 day jury term of court closed only last week. Among the prisoners are W. W. Kermann, alleged murderer of P. P. Harrell, El Paso; and Mrs. William Olds, charged with shooting her husband a few weeks ago. Three alleged auto thieves named English, Barry and McDaniel, who were arrested at a railroad depot, and brought back for trial, are also confined in the jail.

POLICEWOMAN IS AFRAID TO GO HOME IN THE DARK

Chicago, Ill., May 25.—Mrs. Mary O'Connell, a policewoman, is afraid to go home in the dark and asked Sunday to have a policeman detailed to escort her home after finishing her detail. Mrs. O'Connell is stationed at a railroad depot. She said today she had been asking patrolmen to walk home with her for her safety.

The zebra reminds us of the bank some young magnate's son, who leads a wild, free life, kicking his way skillfully through all conventions and de-



"Looks as if it was serving a sentence for bank robbery."

clining to become useful under any excuse whatever. Only in the case of the magnate's son it is impossible to shoot him and skin him without meeting with criticism from the humane society. However, it may some day be possible as well as profitable to exhibit him to a busy world in menageries along with the zebra instead of in the society and scandal columns. Copyrighted by George Matthew Adams.

More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE.

You Bet He Did.
T. R. WANTED TO COME BACK QUIETLY.—Headline.
Nevertheless he wanted to come back.

A Real Job.
PEACE ENVOYS TO BROADEN THEIR WORK.—Headline.
Let us hope that it will be broader than it is long.

What's Water to a Duck?
The Mexicans who think that they can stop Fustian by destroying bridges evidently do not know very much about Fustian.

Doubtful Experiment.
Congress has appropriated \$50,000 for the investigation of nuts. Are the members trying to crowd into the limelight now occupied by the New Haven and the state department?

This Bents Mediation.
American soldiers beat the Mexicans in a ball game at Veracruz. Now let the Mexicans recognize American supremacy and salute the pennant.

Not Yet, But Perhaps.
At any minute we may expect Senator La Follette to announce that he discovered the River Devils and Col. Roosevelt took it away from him.

From Next Progressive Platform.
We recommend, further, that Chapter 1, Section 7 of the physical laws governing the universe be revised as follows:
"A stream can rise no higher than its source."
Strike out the word "No."

Rockefellerian Hospitality.
John D. Rockefeller is building a million dollar entrance to his Pocahontas Hills estate, probably to make the I. W. W.'s feel at home when they arrive.

Thoroughly Equipped.
Judging by the luxuriant foliage adorning the countenance of Theobald Smith, the new bacteriologist of the Rockefeller Institute, he believes in carrying about with him plenty of material on which to work.

Unfailing Sign.
Winter has not yet gone. The price of coal has been advanced.

Too Bad.
What a disappointment it must have been to the surgical profession that a comparatively poor boy had those two appendices, instead of Carnegie or John D.

Then We'll Be Sorry.
The first thing Bryan knows the A. B. C.'s will get advertising enough to take the top line on the Chautauqua bill away from him.

"This Is My Birthday Anniversary"

HOW do you do this pretty day? Perhaps the first day of the last week of school brings examinations. Possibly you have been dreading them. If you have, make up your mind not to do it again. That is one thing you cannot afford to do. It doesn't help any, and many an examination has been lost because the boy or girl has gone to it sick from nervousness. Do your best from day to day and let the thought of the examination go. The Herald's best wishes are with the scholars and the teachers this last week of the school year.

Today's birthday anniversary list reads:

Grace Stewart, 9.
Ethel Barkness, 15.
Baker Pricket, 9.
Dewey Tenner, 16.
Ruth Goff, 12.
Max Alexander Rau, 3.
Bessie Richardson, 17.
Pearlie Robinson, 12.
Nellie Odeff, 11.
Tolliver McClary, 9.
Herbert F. McConnell, 9.

Those who celebrated their birth on Sunday are:
Hazel Ducho, 13.
Ell Griffin, 18.
John Clary, 13.
Nita Johns, 15.
Birdie Coney, 8.
John Warden, 8.
Elizabeth Creswell, 13.
Rensie Ryan, 8.
Charles Curry, 9.
William Krause, 12.

"Miss Birthday" has a ticket to the Ritz for each one of the above named boys and girls. Call at The Herald office.

Pinkeyes and Betty Make Up



© FREES

PINKEYES was really sorry after he had punished doll Betty.

You see she had spilled all of the blue paint all over everything, and as the bunnies were in the Easter egg business, and the paint was precious, this was a very serious mistake.

"Pinkeyes put Betty on her face and she could not get up. She stayed on the floor all evening."

"Don't you think that you were rather severe?" said Pluff, the next day. Pluff was the little, kiddy girl, Betty's playmate, and she was sorry for her.

"Well, perhaps I was," sighed Pinkeyes. "She has been so much in the way, I think now that she will be good."

"I certainly will try," begged Betty. "Sniffle and Sniffle, the other two bunnies, who were helpers, thought this Pinkeyes had better try and make up."

So Pinkeyes, with his fur cleaned as white as snow, and a clean apron on, asked Betty to go for a ride.

"If you will promise not to be cross with me," said Betty.

"I can't help being stiff legged, and I never bump around to be really naughty. It is just my way."

"Climb in," said Pinkeyes, without another word, and off they started, just as you see in the picture.

Betty sat very still and very straight. They went out directly into the Big Woods. Pluff and the other two bunnies waved farewell from the gate.

"I certainly hope that nothing happens," said Pluff. "It seems as if Betty could not keep out of trouble. She tried to be good, but—"

"She made that way," finished Sniffle. And she was right.

In the meantime Betty and Pinkeyes were jogging along through the woods. "Nice evening, Pinkeyes," said Betty after they had gone for a little distance.

"Fine," granted Pinkeyes. "Mind if I sing?" said Betty, trying to be polite.

"Yes," said Pinkeyes; "if you sing the dog who belongs to a rich on the other side of the woods will hear you." Betty was very quiet. "Mustn't sing,"

mustn't—mustn't do anything but sit like a bump on a log," she said to herself.

Everything was still; all she could hear was the pat-pat of Pinkeyes' feet. "Time to turn around," said Pinkeyes very suddenly. He whirled about, and just then a big, furry moth bumped right in Betty's face. Before she could bear him say "Excuse me," she thought she was bitten, and let out a scream that could be heard two miles off.

Then she gave another one and another one. Pinkeyes hopped war up in the air and almost hopped out of his apron.

"How-wow-wooooo!" the dog had heard.

"Now I'm gone. You have done it this time," called Pinkeyes. "Where's that yell? I smell a rabbit," barked the dog, and he came crashing through the woods like a thunder-bolt.

Pinkeyes looked at Betty, then he looked at the dog, who was now in sight, and then he picked up his apron and flew down the road so fast that every few minutes his back feet caught up with his front feet and he stepped on his own heels!

And what happened to Betty?

She just played dead, while the dog tried to catch Pinkeyes. He snatched at her once and nearly heard her giggle.

Then she took the empty cart and walked home very slowly through the moonlight. She was not the least bit afraid, and laughed as she walked alone.

"If I am not mistaken," she said to herself between giggles, "Pinkeyes will not tell on me this time, or punish me either. He looked too funny for words. And what's more, he knows it. And what she did got home no one knew the story and nobody has known until this day!"

Tomorrow's story: Pinkeyes Takes a Horseback Ride.

The Daily Novelette

The Party of the Second Part.

"The bride stood on the steamer deck! Whence from her all had fled!" "I've heard a flaxie just like that," The broad-ed editor said.

CHIMES filled the air, the brightly dressed guests filled the church and the merry wedding aprit and the brightly dressed guests. Great clusters of orange blossoms also filled the church, and their petals here, there and everywhere, to put it all into one word, everywhere.

But stop! Is all serene?

No, not quite all. An undercurrent of disquiet, vague uneasiness, has made itself apparent. Yet no one knows quite why.

"It's foolish of me, I know," said the bride, chewing gum rapidly to hide her perturbation and show her lovely teeth. "A flaxie of a flaxie, or flaxie, but I have the dreadfullest, mysteriousest feeling that all is not well, when I can see perfectly well that all is."

"How silly, Bismarkins!" reproved her mother, who looked her best in an afternoon gown of citronella, all-over Holland. "And yet, to tell the truth, I too have a feeling that I can't explain, a feeling that somehow something, something is amiss. Of course, you are still a miss, but that's not what I mean."

Then the father, who was furiously smoking his pipe to keep his spirits up, admitted that even he was unaccountably nervous, and even the minister was forced to acknowledge that his mind was not entirely at peace.

And when the time came for the wedding had come and gone, the groom had not yet shown up.

DAILY RECORD.

Building Permits.

To C. E. James, to build a garage, East Missouri street, estimated value \$75. Bonds filed.

Northeast corner of Mesquite and Courthouse—Sig N. Schwabe to Annie P. Krause, lots 1 and 2, block 11, Atlanta Park; consideration \$100. Feb. 13, 1914.

Automobiles Licensed.
2277—A. L. Brown, 214 Texas street; Harley Davidson motorcycle.
2278—E. L. McLean, 415 San Antonio street; five passenger car.
2279—E. L. Lane, 1315 Texas street; two passenger car.
2280—Pedro Mason, Jazzer; five passenger Ford.

Births.—Born.
To Mrs. Manuel Pizarra, 219 Lawton street, to Mrs. Domingo Quoyala, 321 Eighth street, March 17.

INDOOR SPORTS

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"NOBODY HOME" WHEN SOME PEOPLE CALL

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INDOOR SPORTS

BUCKING A VISIT FROM A PEST